

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courper.*



NOT HAPPY AT LORNDALE?

A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY.

CHAPTER XXII.

LORNDALE was soon put into a state of defence, reminding one in a measure of feudal times; fresh bars, huge and strong, were laid across the windows, and the weaker doors and walls in the more exposed passages were sheeted with iron. Some of the country gentlemen said that by such an elaborate display of security the colonel threw down a

challenge to the ill-minded, and exposed his less-protected neighbours. That was of no consequence to him. For a man whose mind was strong and vigorous, we were surprised to find him so disturbed by the recent robbery; and yet all events were of more or less importance as they touched nearly or not the high seigneurial personage called Colonel Victor Marcey Demarcey.

Clever and learned in many things, he was shut out by his own pride from the self-knowledge that

tends to make a man respectable by keeping him somewhat humble. Colonel Demarcay was neither vain nor easily inflated—the two epithets that most surely bring a man into contempt; but he had an excess of pride which, in the senseless form it sometimes assumed, might have shamed the intellect of a child. He could not come up to the test of the superiority he claimed, for in his own house, in his own home, he was little esteemed, though he could make himself feared. The man to whom no child lifts a trusting eye, or tender-hearted woman gives a smile of affection—to whom no voice breathes the tale of sorrow, and no heart is the warmer for his presence—falls short of the highest privileges of his sex and race. The seclusion in which it pleased Colonel Demarcay to live at present, on the plea of infirm health, was an additional tax upon me. Having taken it into his head that my voice exercised a soothing influence over him, my attendance became the more needful; so I was sometimes required to bring my work and to talk to him. As nothing had been said to me of Victor's admission that it was possible for Mrs. Demarcay to care more for the peaceful cottage life at Rosewood than for the sumptuous residence of Lorndale, I lived in dread of questions and inquiries which might be difficult to answer without deviating from truth or exposing myself to caustic, though politely-worded, railery. As yet there was no diminution in the colonel's courtly phrases or solicitude on my behalf, but it would be otherwise when I became an agent in wounding his pride, which would assuredly be the case when he knew how little I valued my connection with his family, and that knowledge was not far off.

Some ten days after the burglary, when sitting with him at work after the reading was finished, the colonel questioned me about my uncle and aunt, and my former life at Weston. If ever Rosewood had received scant justice from my youthful appreciation, it was not so now. That happy home, where I was something to every one, and each contributed to nourish that self-appreciation which, by making every individual happier in his station, and, as a necessary result, more capable of filling it worthily, made a pleasing contrast to the present, where my principal occupation might have been as well performed by a paid dependent. From the first there was no lack of warmth in my replies, but when the colonel's object became evident, to exalt Lorndale by cleverly forcing from me admissions that to an outsider might be depreciatory to my early home, I launched into extravagant praises of it with the blunt energy natural to me, declaring that there could be no place so cheerful and so beautiful in the wide world, adding, softly, yet loud enough for him to hear, "at least not for me."

"If I understand you correctly, your discernment is rather circumscribed; you prefer Rosewood to Lorndale?" said he, with a smile of patient pity, and apparently unruffled.

"I was not speaking of the relative merits of the two places, but of the life; locality has very little to do with happiness."

"I beg your pardon, it has a great deal to do with it; our surroundings must not only be suited to the mind, and the mind to them, but there must be harmony also in the matter of taste, and I am surprised to hear such a remark from one who does not want sense and comprehension. It would, for instance, materially affect me if, leaving Lorndale

and my habits of life, I took up my residence in a country village, where a man's deepest studies would be the newspaper, and his highest ambition to rise above the mediocrity of his neighbours." Then, with a stateliness it gave me pleasure to disturb, he said, with his head as usual held loftily erect, "You leave me to infer that you were happier at Rosewood than you are at Lorndale?"

"Vastly so," was my ready answer, spoken, I fear, with additional earnestness, as well as with a touch of acrimony, because Victor was entering the room at the time, and the sting of such speeches as this was a retaliation I occasionally permitted myself. A great mistake on my part, for woman is never less likely to gain either affection or esteem than when she takes a man at a disadvantage, and strikes where he is defenceless.

Disconcerted for a second by my brusque reply, the colonel's cheek flushed a little; but, speedily resuming his natural hauteur, he asked me, in his blandest tones, to state what was wanting in my present home.

"Everything that constitutes one," were the words that rose to my lips, but to have to confirm them by taking Colonel Demarcay into my confidence was not to be thought of. Could I have brought myself to describe the mortifying position in which I had been placed before Bertha Rogers in order to satisfy her jealous regard for her sister's memory, there was enough loyalty in my heart towards Victor to keep secret his feelings about his uncle, who might not have relished another serving-up of the domestic policy.

"What light can you throw upon Mrs. Demarcay's anomalous—what shall I say—her rather singular statements?" he asked, with the same dry dignity.

My husband, who was carelessly turning over the pages of a book taken from a table near which he stood, upon being addressed, threw it down, and, walking towards the fireplace, whence he calmly surveyed us both, appeared ready and willing to be questioned.

"Ella finds our marriage a mistake," he answered, slowly and clearly, without manifesting any personal concern, but rather as if stating a circumstance that referred to some third person, his eyes resting neither on his uncle nor on me, but much occupied with examining a small marble obelisk on the mantel-piece.

"And how so?" asked the colonel, quickly, a spark of intense light flashing from his grey eye.

As we were now approaching tender ground, I thought it best to remain silent, besides being rather curious to know how Victor would explain or represent a fact so obviously unintelligible to one of the three, but in his hurry to prove the impossibility of such a state of things the colonel did not give him a chance. "I am at a loss to understand what can be wanting to the happiness of the mistress of Lorndale," he said, glancing complacently over the stretch of lawn and ground before him. "In saying that she has a position some of the fairest women in the county were ready to take, I mean nothing disparaging to the sex; it is only natural it should be so. With *carte blanche* at her dressmaker's and milliner's, as my nephew's wife may have; presiding over the hospitalities of Lorndale, as she will also do; partaking of the consideration the Demarcays have enjoyed in the county for more than a century; a portion of the season in town, if she wishes it;

horses and carriages, with all their accessories at command—really, my dear madam, you seem wonderfully unconscious of your advantages. Without being made an offender for a word, you must allow that what you so hastily said just now was ungracious on the lips of a young woman who has but to make known her wishes to have them gratified.”

How much I was in the wrong; how thankless and undeserving! I almost wondered the colonel did not exact from me then and there an humble apology for having contemned so many good things. On the contrary, to my surprise, he condescended to make excuses for what he chose to consider an ebullition of temper on my part, on the ground of the rarity of its display.

“Not being perfect ourselves, Victor, we must not be hard upon Ella,” he said, “nor do her the injustice to think she means it very seriously when she strikes us with the weapon most suited to her sex. The best among them have weaknesses which do not always, in my opinion, spoil their excellence.” Satisfied with having disposed of my uncomplimentary words as the result of a temporary fit of temper, and so turned them against myself, he smiled upon me in conscious superiority, while, invalid as he was, he rose from his chair, and taking my hand, raised it with grave dignity to his lips, saying, “Mrs. Demarcay, whom I so much esteem, would be very wrong not to make herself happy at Lornedale. Now, Victor, if you have offended, as husbands do sometimes, follow my example and make your peace. A sensible man knows how and when to yield to a lady.”

It was well for Victor, perhaps it was well for us both, that Colonel Demarcay left the room without waiting to see his recommendation carried out. Victor knew that the advantages enumerated by his uncle, twice told or multiplied to any degree, were in themselves insufficient to make the happiness of a human heart. He might also suspect that a passionate resentment lay at the bottom of mine, which mere words and conventional usages could not banish, and he was right. Although sometimes striving to forgive, I could not forget the motives which had actuated him to make me his wife, an abiding sense of injury making me insensible to his efforts to please me, though I could not be blind to the fact that he never omitted a kindness nor neglected an attention in his power.

“Is there nothing—absolutely nothing, you will permit me to do for you?” said Victor’s soft, low voice, when the colonel had closed the door. “I could almost envy my uncle for being the master of the house, and, consequently, the source of the advantages he mentioned, did I not see how indifferent you are to all he has to offer.”

Let me say frankly that I was in an unamiable mood; the indifferent tone in which he had stated my opinion of our marriage, and the ingenious way in which the colonel had dismissed the subject, giving me the benefit of a fit of temper as a ground for pardoning my ungraciousness rather than being offended at it, was somewhat irritating. He spared his pride by treating the expressed persuasion of my mind as an ebullition of displeasure, too childish and unimportant even for serious rebuke; and Victor—it was because he was so lovable in himself, with such a fascination of gentleness almost always about him, that now, as frequently happened, I adopted a cold repellent manner. I was angry and resentful—

angry he did not love me, and, above all, vexed that he had told Bertha Rogers that he never should do so. It is true Bertha had forced from him the mortifying assertion, but he had said it, and those were trying words for a wife to hear. Repressing the rising emotion his soft-toned voice so nearly drew to the surface as he stood beside me waiting for a reply, I kept my eyes fastened on my work, counted the stitches, and, with merely a shake of the head, began an attentive study of the pattern before me. The silence lasted a few seconds, and then, pulling a chair near mine, he sat down, saying, “Though you will accept no service from me, Ella, I shall be glad to make a request of you. Probably you already suppose that you owe this conversation with my uncle to something more substantial than the few words you heard me say just now. You would be right in such a conclusion. On missing you that unfortunate evening I was surprised into making our domestic affairs more public than either you or I would feel desirable, and astonished some of our family circle and provoked my uncle, by insisting upon it that you had gone back to Weston.”

“Did you astonish your sister-in-law?” I asked, with ill-suppressed irritation.

“My inquiries at the railway confirmed my fears,” he answered, giving a slight emphasis to the last word, and omitting all reference to my savage question. “A lady had been seen taking a ticket to London whose description tallied with the one I gave of you, proving how difficult it is to be correctly precise. Of course I did not ask if Mrs. Demarcay had been seen there. I gave her credit for being veiled and sufficiently disguised to pass unrecognised, which would have been easy enough in the twilight. That it was profoundly unwise to make these revelations I admit, but it cannot be helped now; the sudden emergency explains, if it does not excuse, them. To prevent the recurrence of a circumstance which, whatever form it takes, must always be a source of scandal for ourselves and the public—for the sake of our mutual reputation, I ask you never, under any provocation, to steal away from Lornedale, never, in fact, to turn your back upon us without first apprising me of your intentions. Give me this promise, Ella, and I shall be so far satisfied as to abstain from any act or word likely to compromise us in the eyes of others, though I do not pledge myself not to combat your resolution.”

Obviously he thought it possible for me to come to such determination. Was I unreasonable to be hurt at it? Anyhow, I observed a silence which he was the first to break.

“Intelligent as you are, Ella, I need only suggest how harshly the world judges the weaker side in all cases of separation to convince you that I am consulting your interest as much as my own.”

Yes, there was the sting, for my interest! The poor pitiful gewgaws of vanity, the cold distinctions that society prizes so highly, the bubbles that burst in the grasp—place, name, and a frigid deferential phraseology from lips whence the tender whispers of affection never come—were large possessions to resign. Life must be very bitter and dreary without these brilliant advantages, I thought, with mocking appreciation of their influence over Victor, as their loss or their gain seemed to reconcile him to a broken faith with both wives, judging from those candid confessions to Bertha Rogers, which came back to me now in cruel distinctness.

All these fine things were mine. Why should I complain, though the new wife was a choice between two evils? I would not taunt him by throwing his own words in his teeth, though they were sometimes on the tip of my tongue, and often in my brain. The obnoxious phrase I repeated frequently in my angry moods, sometimes in my sorrowful ones, but I am thankful that I never fell so low in my own estimation as to say it to his face. Though not altogether ungenerous enough for that, I was sufficiently cross and irritable to answer unkindly.

"When I take the step from which your consideration of my interest warns me, I shall count the cost beforehand."

"You will not know it, Ella," he said, mildly, though his deeply-flushed forehead showed him to be either wounded or disappointed. "Your inexperience might lead you to think yourself spirited and brave, but, believe me, it would be injurious to you in the long run."

His habit of not repelling or noticing my *boutades* and two-edged remarks did sometimes make me refrain from them, though the old soil from which they sprang even yet fostered their roots. His patient submission to my ill-temper, added to secret dissatisfaction with myself, might have led me to give the promise he asked had not a knock, followed by the entrance of Adams, changed my feelings.

"I beg your pardon," she began, slightly nervous, perhaps, at having disturbed so rare a thing with us as a conjugal *tête-à-tête*, "but the colonel told me I should find you here. I did not know you were engaged."

"Nor am I," answered I, quickly, putting down my work, which, throughout a conversation more interesting to me than any other could be at Lorn-dale, had apparently engrossed my chief attention. I was immediately ready to attend to her. Oh! the perversity of my woman's heart, distilling poison from that which should have been its food and nourishment.

"Oh, ma'am, poor Patrick is inquiring if it is possible for him to see you."

"Certainly I will see him," and, rising hastily from my seat, I was at the door, by the side of Adams, before Victor could get out his question, "Is he worse to day?"

"He thinks so, but I don't know that he is; the doctor did not say so. I fancy he is most ill in his mind."

Patrick had been wounded in the shoulder on the night of the robbery. Making light of it at first, he was only persuaded to rest his arm very occasionally by using a sling, and went about his work, waiting on the colonel as usual. One morning, on reaching his master's room, having walked quickly because he was behind time in answering the bell, he fainted and remained so long unconscious as to excite alarm. The doctor, on arriving, ordered him to bed, and there he had been ever since, well-cared for and attended, we supposed, for the daily report had been that he was doing well. Victor and Demarcay had visited him, and I had heard a good account of him from time to time from Dixon, who nursed him.

That he wanted to see me now did not surprise, though it made me uneasy, being sure it was not from bodily sickness alone. Between us was another bond, one too heavy for my unassisted strength to bear. My husband could not help me—I knew not

enough of his mind to ask his aid—nay, I secretly believed that, notwithstanding a certain perfunctory discharge of the duty of going to church, on theological points he was as ignorant as Patrick. And perhaps the poor man was sick unto death. As a bolt of ice the conviction struck to my heart. This house, where wealth abounded, where its numerous comforts were within the reach of every member of the family who was in need of them, and where intellect and science, and the theories of learned men, formed the food and happiness of its master, with the addition of the world's consideration and respect—this house was not the place to die in. Nor was I a competent guide. If the sands of time were running out swiftly, it was also hopelessly, and what could I do for him? Fresh from a scene in which the evil of my own heart had so readily cropped up in sinful resentment and unhallowed anger, was it not a mockery for me to stand by Patrick's bedside and talk of spiritual things? My last words to Victor had been those of an unforgiving spirit; I wished to wound and vex him, the husband to whom I had vowed love, honour, and obedience; how could I enact so great an inconsistency as in such a frame of mind to leave him for a sick chamber, and give the tender message of peace and love in which I professed to believe?

Ashamed of myself, I felt that Victor might justly despise me too, and turned back, intending to retrace my steps, and give him the promise he had asked, but was only in time to see him disappear through the library door, where I knew he would find Bertha Rogers. There I would not follow. Her presence exercised an influence over him with which I could not compete. And yet there were times when it appeared on the wane. The animation she had at first kindled had gone; he was more frequently silent than talkative in her company, and appeared to seek excuses for avoiding her.

NEW HELPS FOR HOSPITALS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

I.

LET a true story do duty for a parable.

One Saturday morning in autumn a young gentlewoman—a mere girl, with some of her teens still to complete—started for Smithfield, under the escort of a faithful old female servant.

If she felt a little like a martyr of olden time proceeding to the same place, bravely resolved, and yet physically tremulous, she might well be excused. Our wholesale marts of provender are not proverbial for chaste elegancies of speech. "Billingsgate" is not confined to Billingsgate, and our young heroine was about to take her stand in the Meat Market at its busiest time.

Soon after she had taken her place behind a little table, two very rough-looking fellows rolled up to it.

"Ullo!" shouted the rougher of the two, pausing and spelling out her placard. "Wot's up now? 'Orsespittle Saturday!' Oh, that's the little game. I say, Bill, you fork out; I was in a 'orsespittle vonce, an' they took good care o' me."

He made his mate "fork out," but not satisfied with that (according to Sydney Smith) most common mode of answering an appeal to one's charitable feelings, he also forked out himself. The coins were

greasy, but *pecunia non olet*, especially when given for such a cause.

Then twirling his billycock hat upon his stick, he shouted lustily, "Hooray for 'Orsespittle Saturday!" and still so twirling and shouting, he marched round the market, until he had gathered a long tail of mates in oleaginous blue and white, whom he led back to the very unbutcherlike stall which had attracted his attention, where he made them all stand and deliver.

I may remark, in passing, that the fair young stall-keeper, during the whole time she remained, somewhat like Milton's Lady in his "Comus" throng, amongst the roughs of Smithfield, did not hear a single word which could offend her modesty. The *maxima reverentia* due to her was chivalrously rendered.

The moral of my anecdote is not far to find. Bring a good mode of action before people, and they will take an interest in it and further it. The object of these little papers is to bring home to some, who may previously have possessed only a vague "general knowledge" of the matters concerned, two comparatively new movements which have been started to help our hospitals, and also to call special attention to the admirable institutions which they aid.

And, first, of the movements, Hospital Sunday and Hospital Saturday, which, fortunately, have got over the little jealous jar that for a time prevented their harmonious action. The lubrication of common brotherly love for mankind soon put an end to that unpleasant friction.

The "Metropolis of the Midlands" had at one time a very bad reputation. "Can any good thing come out of Birmingham?" people who had only a superficial knowledge of the place were inclined to ask in derision. "African idols," guns made, like the famous razors, simply to sell, cheap shams of every kind, were supposed to be its characteristic productions. Some of the wares of Birmingham, no doubt, still are "Brummagem," but it has turned out so much genuine work, material, mental, and moral, all first-rate of its kind, that its inhabitants have now good reason to boast that they are citizens of no mean city. Not least of the benefits for which we are indebted to Birmingham is Hospital Sunday, an institution which, previously adopted elsewhere, Canon Miller introduced into London in 1873.

In these days of theological strife it is refreshing to note the names of those who assembled at the Mansion House to launch the new venture, or who were appointed members of its council. "There is no sectarianism in misery, and there should be none in mercy," once said that non-Brummagem, true Birmingham man, John Angell James. The charitable epigram is amply illustrated in these lists. Dignitaries of the English Church, an Archimandrite of the Greek, the Archbishop of Westminster, Rabbis, Friends, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Unitarians, and Christians devoted though "unattached," are gathered together in the sweet and pleasant communion of Good Samaritanism.

We are, perhaps, too apt to boast of charity as a peculiarly Christian virtue. Besides their Beth Holim, Gates of Hope, Path of Truth, and many another charity devoted to their own well-looked-after poor, the Jews, as Sir Anthony Rothschild pointed out at the Mansion House meeting, have always supported the general charities of London. In promising their aid to the new movement, he was too modest to predict that it would be most liberal; but any one

who has even only glanced at the paragraphs in the papers recording Hospital Sunday receipts, will admit that it is not the synagogue which has to be ashamed of itself when its offerings are compared with those of the chapel, the church, or the cathedral. The special readers of the Pentateuch, when gathering their grapes, sitting under their fig-trees, and gathering their harvest in the strange land in which they have naturalised themselves, have assuredly not forgotten the indigenous strangers, fatherless, and widows.

The gross receipts of the Hospital Sunday Fund amounted to, in

	£	s.	d.
1873	27,700	8	1
1874	29,817	13	9
1875	26,934	0	2
1876	27,692	10	6

These sums include balances from the previous year's receipts and interest accruing on moneys invested up to the date of distribution. The distributions were, in

	£	s.	d.
1873	26,756	11	8
1874	28,348	10	7
1875	25,212	8	9
1876	25,902	6	6

These sums may have a large look absolutely, but they do not seem so relatively, when we consider that they have been contributed by a population of 4,000,000 (for the collections are not confined even to the Registrar-General's "Greater London"), including the wealthiest people in the world; and when we call to mind, also, how many institutions clamour for a share in the distribution, and that some of these are said to have had their ordinary receipts reduced through the easiness of conscience of certain former contributors, who, when they have put their mite into the box, bag, or plate on Hospital Sunday, persuade themselves that by that infinitesimal gift to all London they have freed themselves from local claims.

Hospital Sunday never was intended to give people an opportunity of forgetting or shirking these local claims, but to remind them, when they have done their duty to the institutions in their immediate neighbourhood, that they have other neighbours, fellow-citizens swarming for miles around them, who also have claims upon them. The very vastness of "London," no doubt, militates somewhat against the success of the scheme. It is easier to make a man at John-o'-Groat's House and another at the Land's End feel an interest in one another, because they have both been born in Britain, than it is to evoke a feeling of common civism in the bosoms of the inhabitants of Hackney and Hammersmith, Bethnal Green and Belgravia, Bayswater and Bow, Highgate and Houndsditch, Hoxton and Herne Hill. Nevertheless, the Hospital Sunday Fund promoters have a perfect right to appeal to the myriads crowded together within the vaguely-defined boundaries of the metropolis, as men and women linked together by mutual municipal rights and duties; and when once a consciousness of this can be awakened by earnest simultaneous appeal, we may expect to see the Hospital Sunday Fund present a total needing bigger figures than any it has as yet swelled to.

The following are the principles on which the fund is distributed. The award to each institution benefited is primarily based on its total expenditure, after deducting the income derived from endowments and

realised property, legacies exceeding £100 each, and the amount of the expenses of management. When patients make any payment to the institution which receives them, or any payment is made for them, the case is dealt with according to the discretion of the Distribution Committee.

No institution whose beneficiaries can only be admitted by election on the part of the general body of subscribers shares in the fund.

All hospitals, etc., that receive grants from it are expected to place at the disposal of the council proportionate numbers of "letters of recommendation." When a congregational collection is made for any particular institution on Hospital Sunday, the amount is deducted from the grant made to that institution. The amounts of the congregational collections made for particular hospitals, etc., during the three years preceding the institution of Hospital Sunday are taken into consideration in apportioning the awards to those hospitals, etc.

So much for the fund, started in the bustle-begirt Mansion House. We have now to speak of the Saturday Fund, which was started to stir the working classes up to do something for the hospitals and kindred institutions which do so much for them.

The idea originated in Glasgow thirty years ago, and £30 was the first year's contribution. The Glasgow "hands," instead of tens, now give thousands. London is mainly indebted for this ancillary addition to its charitable agencies to the indefatigable exertions of Captain Charles Mercier, the chairman of the fund. It has its headquarters on a third floor in Leicester Square, and there is something in the very offices which inclines one to think that the business transacted in them must be managed with sensible economy. Their site has been well chosen, but no room is wasted in them, and they do not in the slightest degree "go in for the grand." When there is a full meeting in the little board-room, some of the close-packed Windsor chairs, I think, must carry double.

Captain Mercier, seeing no reason why the working men of London should be behind those of Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, and other provincial towns, in supporting the charitable institutions which succour them, invited a large number of them to his house to talk the matter over in a meeting, at which Sir S. D. Scott was the chairman. The 17th of October, 1874, was fixed upon for the first London Hospital Saturday. A hundred thousand explanatory handbills had been previously distributed amongst working men, and public meetings had been held in the districts in which working men most do congregate. A monster meeting in favour of the fund, moreover, was held in Hyde Park, under the presidency of Archbishop Manning.

A variety of agencies was employed in the collections. Subscription-cheques for 3d., and collecting-cards for penny contributions, were issued; both turned out failures; 3,000 money-boxes placed in taverns, coffee-houses, etc., averaged 6s. 6d. each; subscription-sheets sent to places of business proved successful; twenty-four boys, employed for three weeks at a cost, including uniforms, of £40, to collect at railway-stations and other places of public resort, brought in £89 only, and, therefore, in the following year their services were dispensed with; benefit performances for the fund, realising a total of £278 19s., were given at the Drury-lane, the Adelphi, and the Princess's Theatres; £45 was

collected at the Strand and the Olympic; the Crystal Palace directors gave a Hospital Saturday fête, which benefited the fund chiefly as an advertisement; the Duke of Edinburgh patronised a Hospital Saturday Fund concert at the Agricultural Hall, which, including his Royal Highness's contribution of £25, netted £75; and finally (the permission of the police authorities having been obtained only the day before), tables were placed in the chief thoroughfares, at which ladies and other volunteers collected £258 14s. 3½d. The farthing is noteworthy; that system of collection enables poor widows to cast their two mites into the treasury. A total of £6,463 13s. 3½d. was collected. Of this about £5,000 was left, after payment of expenses, for distribution amongst hospitals, etc. The cost of collection at first sight looks very large, but it must be remembered that it took nearly £800 to float the Hospital Sunday Fund, which had, so to speak, a staff of experienced collectors ready-made to its hand, and masses of people conveniently brought together to be appealed to, whereas the Hospital Saturday Fund promoters had to start an entirely new movement and organisation to work it with—an organisation frankly confessed to be defective in some respects, and they had to take a great deal more trouble to place its appeal before possible contributors. In 1875, when £4,010 were distributed, the expenses were nearly £600 less, and part of this outlay was caused by circumstances over which the council had no control. In 1876 the amount of the collection was £5,517, of which £4,250 were distributed, the expenses being between £300 and £400 less than in 1875.

It is gratifying to note an increase in the contributions; but even if the total had been made up entirely—by no means the case—of sums given by working men and women residing within the Bills of Mortality, it would not come to a penny a head. Working Jack and Jill ought certainly to contribute at a more liberal rate than this to institutions which shelter them in sickness and set them on their feet again by means of medical and surgical skill and appliances beyond the reach of some of those who regularly subscribe to hospitals. Instead of flattering the London working-man, it is truer kindness to tell him that his conduct in responding on so parsimonious a scale to the appeal of those who sacrifice time—and realised time, hard cash—and spare themselves no trouble in their efforts to induce him to, fractionally, help himself, does not, in American phrase, "look pretty."

The Hospital Saturday, like the Hospital Sunday. Fund distributors exercise a prudent discretion in apportioning the funds entrusted to them. The officials of an institution are catechised before it can receive a share of the fund. In more ways than one, therefore, the two movements will prove useful to hospitals, etc.—increase their means, and scrutinise their management. The Saturday Fund's reports make some curious disclosures. In one dispensary, the income of which was £903, 16s. 7d., the salaries amounted to £697 15s. 4d., entailing a debt of £213 8s. 10d.; and the matron of one hospital has been allowed to farm the inmates—i.e., to contract for their maintenance. Few persons, except those who profit pecuniarily from the state of things described, will be inclined to dispute the force of the following finding by the committee. "In several institutions secretaries are employed, whose duties might well be discharged in an honorary capacity; or at least by the dispenser or matron. Paid secre-

taries at small institutions lead to the spending of disproportionately large sums."

But the bulk of our London medical and surgical charities do good work and plenty of it, as I hope to be able to show in the typical sketches of some of them which are to follow this introductory paper.

In the meantime, I append a few examples of eccentric and curious contributors to the Sunday and Saturday Funds. "T. H., because his rector gave to local charities." "Thank-offering for passing intermediate law examination;" "Humane Beehive;" "Columbia Costers' Club;" "Cock and Magpie;" "Kentish Town Life Preserving Crew, Teetotal Society;" "A dog named Dash;" "Winding up of a bean-feast;" "The Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes."

THE HANGING OF THE CRANE.

AMONG the most characteristic of Mr. Longfellow's later and less known poems is one entitled "The Hanging of the Crane," in allusion to an American custom which quaintly celebrates the founding of a new household.* It is a lyric of domestic life, in which the poet assumes his place as seer, and pictures the successive scenes brought before him by the passing years. First, we are introduced to the new home, where the table, round and small, is spread for "two alone," who want no guests, but are each other's own best company, rejoicing in the wedded love that says "not mine and thine, but ours." The self-same scene a second time appears in part transfigured by the advent of a little son, asserting the monarchical rights of childhood; and presently himself deposed by "a princess from the Fairy Isles." Tossing boughs and drifting vapours intervene, and when next we catch a glimpse of the table it is larger and encircled with guests, lads and lasses in the flush of youthful aspiration and hope. Swiftly the vision passes; the happy circle is scattered, its fair jewels shine in other homes and hearts, its young men follow fortune in many lands,—"the two alone remain"; and now we see the patient mother scanning intently the news from distant battle-fields lest she should find the name best beloved among the slain. Once more, and it is the Golden Wedding day; guests are thronging round, children and grandchildren, while the ancient bridegroom and bride smile contentedly on the scene. Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man" are not more true to nature than these seven scenes to our Anglo-Saxon family life.

Mr. Longfellow has touched the same themes in many of his poems. We propose, at the risk of repeating familiar strains, to illustrate this same cycle of life by grouping together a few of his lyrics in the order thus suggested. Let the later poem serve as a text, and the poet be his own commentator, enlarging its meaning by comparison or contrast of passages. We may get nearer to his heart by this method, perhaps, than by any formal criticism, and be surprised to find how large a claim he has upon our home affections.

But first, though it be only a fragment, we must quote from "The Hanging of the Crane" this charming description of the Firstborn:

* "The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Routledge.

Seated, I see the two again,
But not alone: they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the moon,
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.

Are these celestial manners? these
The ways that win, the arts that please?
Ah, yes: consider well the guest,
And whatso'er he does seems best;
He ruleth by the right divine
Of helplessness, so lately born
In purple chambers of the morn,
As sovereign over thee and thine.
He speaketh not; and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes;
The golden silence of the Greek,
The gravest wisdom of the wise,
Not spoken in language, but in looks
More legible than printed books,
As if he could but would not speak.
And now, O monarch absolute,
Thy power is put to proof; for lo!
Resistless, fathomless, and slow,
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,
And pushes back thy chair and thee,
And so good night to King Canute.

There is no more dainty picture of babyhood in the language, but it is not complete without the portraiture of this little monarch's rival:—

There are two guests at table now;
The king, deposed and older grown,
No longer occupies the throne—
The crown is on his sister's brow;
A princess from the Fairy Isles,
The very pattern girl of girls,
All covered and embowered in curls,
Rose-tinted from the Isle of Flowers,
And sailing with soft silken sails
From far-off Dreamland into ours.
Above their bowls with rims of blue
Four azure eyes of deeper hue
Are looking, dreamy with delight;
Limpid as planets that emerge
Above the ocean's rounded verge,
Soft shining through the summer night.
Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see
Beyond the horizon of their bowls;
Nor care they for the world that rolls
With all its freight of troubled souls
Into the days that are to be.

In one of his earlier poems, "To a Child," Mr. Longfellow has brought into relief the thought that lies half-hidden in these last lines. He sees the nursing struggling to reach the open door of the nursery, and it is a parable to every father and mother, as well as to the poet.

O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand

Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.

By what astrology of fear or hope
Dare I to cast thy horoscope !
Like the new moon thy life appears ,
A little strip of silver light,
And widening outward into night
The shadowy disk of future years ;
And yet upon its outer rim,
A luminous circle, faint and dim,
And scarcely visible to us here,
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere ;
A prophecy and intimation,
A pale and feeble adumbration,
Of the great world of light, that lies
Behind all human destinies.

Such thoughts, in simpler guise, must sometimes
come to all parents ; but alas ! this "great world of
light," of which the poet dreams, is too often ob-
scured by shadows that deepen at last into utter
darkness. Better the bright childlike of to-day than
the uncertain prophecy of to-morrow ; witness the
poem on

CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye children !
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah ! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more ?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children ;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

And yet the radiant cheerfulness of these verses is
surpassed by the glow of perfect happiness, the swift
musical movement of joyous affection, in that other
well-known lyric, called

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence ;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;
If I try to escape they surround me
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwined,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all !

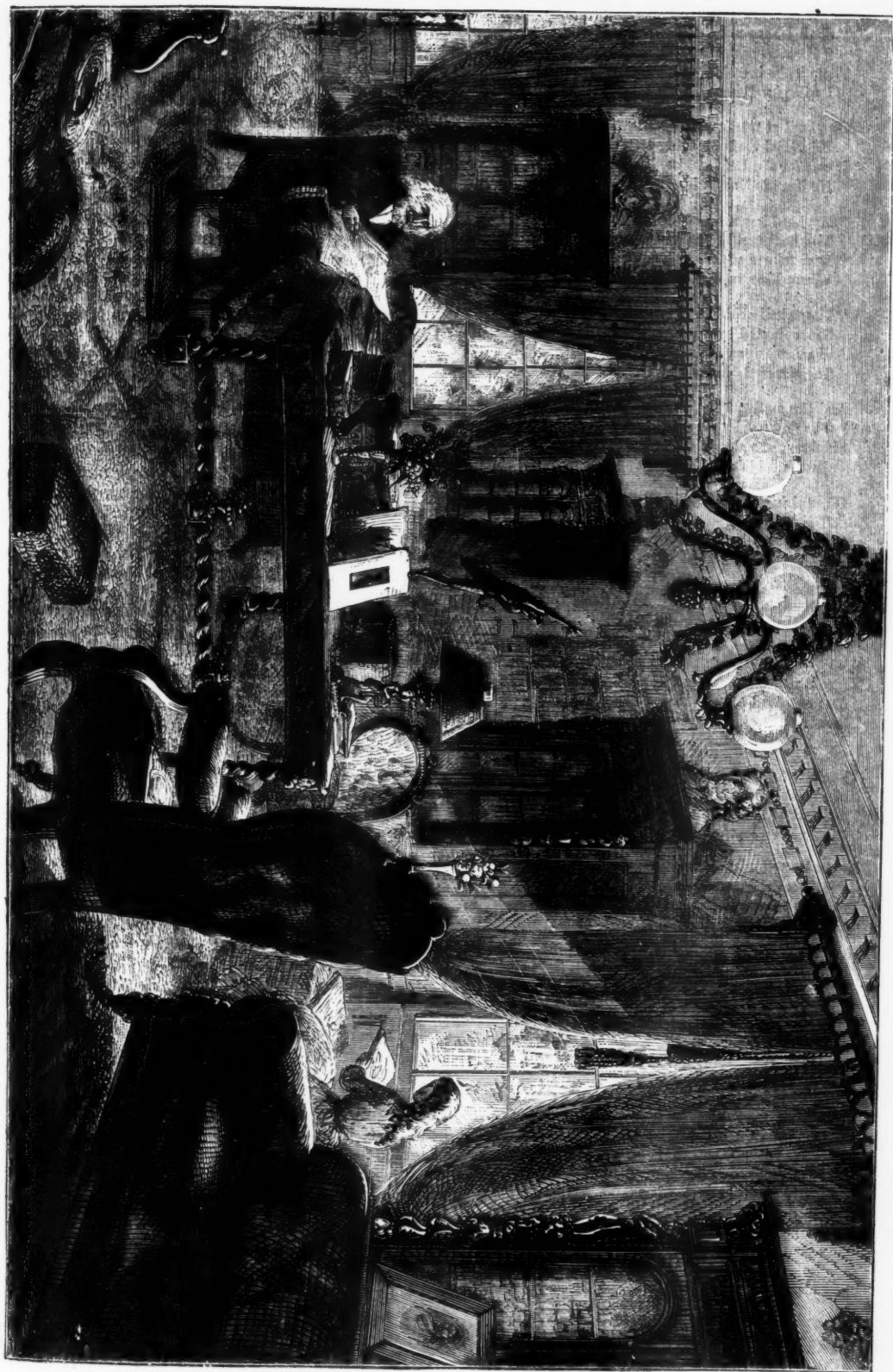
I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

Every verse here has the inspiration of domestic
love ; the little feet move to it, it laughs in the merry
eyes, it throbs in the nimble limbs—no wonder the
whole heart surrenders to its quick assault. But as
the sun sets on the fairest day, and dew weeps its fall,
so this radiant light of love dies down into tears in
many a family. To this common domestic experience
Mr. Longfellow also gives voice. How many an
English home, how many a household of that
Greater Britain which now half encompasses the
world, has been touched and soothed by that sweetly
plaintive strain :—

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.



MR. LONGFELLOW'S STUDY.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" said he;
 "Have nought but the bearded grain?
 Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
 I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
 He kissed their drooping leaves;
 It was for the Lord of Paradise
 He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
 The Reaper said, and smiled;
 "Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where He was once a child."

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
 Transplanted by my care,
 And saints, upon their garments white,
 These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
 The flowers she most did love;
 She knew she should find them all again
 In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
 The Reaper came that day;
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
 And took the flowers away.

Still more beautiful, and to Christian thought
 more stimulating, is the poem on

RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there!
 There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
 But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
 And mournings for the dead;
 The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
 Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
 Not from the ground arise,
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions
 Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;
 Amid these earthly damps,
 What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
 May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition.
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
 Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
 But gone unto that school
 Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
 And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
 By guardian angels led,
 Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
 She lives, whom we call dead.

We can quote but in part. Though space forbids
 our including a tithe of his allusions to the family,
 yet to these illustrations of the cycle of domestic
 events our readers will not forget to add his por-

traiture of the Mother, as seen when he looks back
 on the "Footsteps of Angels" that have gladdened
 his vision.

We now approach the period when the home-life
 comes into union with the outer world. Into this
 wider field we cannot follow the poet. He could
 teach us much as to their relations, but the sense of
 individuality in the family is soon lost in the broader
 interests of humanity, even as the rivulet is at first
 contact engulfed in the river. The poems by
 which Mr. Longfellow first acquired the widest popu-
 larity touch this part of our subject. "The Psalm
 of Life" accorded with the mood of mind engendered
 by Mr. Carlyle's emphatic teachings, and it was caught
 up and sung like a new Marseillaise, wherewith to
 vanquish an evil generation. But true and beautiful
 as are some of its lines, and worthy of the noble
 rhythm to which they move, it strikes a false note.
 The strength it inspires is not strength. There is
 more truth in those equally strong, but more prosaic
 words of the author of "Phantastes": "He that
 will be a hero will barely be a man; he that will be
 simply a doer of his work is sure of his manhood."
 And Longfellow himself, in the larger instinct of his
 poet nature overbearing the passing mood, has him-
 self taught us almost as much in "The Village
 Blacksmith," which is as perfect a picture as ever
 was drawn of the true worker and the life-ennobling
 influence of *simple* aims. "The Psalm of Life," in-
 deed, is true only as descriptive of "the young man's
 heart" to which it is ascribed. Mr. Longfellow gives
 us an interpretation, which we may readily adopt, in
 one brief passage from "The Hanging of the
 Crane." As life advances, he sees, as we have said,
 the household table garlanded with maidens and
 youths:—

Youths who in their strength elate
 Challenge the van and front of fate,
 Eager as champions to be
 In the divine knight-errantry
 Of youth, that travels sea and land
 Seeking adventures, or pursuits,
 Through cities and through solitudes
 Frequented by the Lyric Muse,
 The phantom with the beckoning hand,
 That still allures and still eludes.
 O sweet illusion of the brain!
 O sudden thrills of fire and frost!
 The world is bright while ye remain,
 And dark and dead when ye are lost.

This surely is the right reading. In like manner his
 "Excelsior" is best read with the poem on "Maiden-
 hood," next to which it has always stood in his
 arrangement, but from which it is ruthlessly and
 invariably severed by popular use. How tender and
 timorous the words with which he pictures the
 maiden:—

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
 Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
 As the braided streamlets run.

Standing with reluctant feet,
 Where the brook and river meet,
 Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing with a timid glance,
 On the brooklet's swift advance,
 On the river's broad expanse!

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O thou child of many prayers !
Life hath quicksands—life hath snares !
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

The two poems are contrasting pictures of the same period in the lives of the young man and the young woman.

There is another aspect of home-life touched by Mr. Longfellow in one of his latest sonnets. The thought must have occurred to many parents, and have been to them also

A SHADOW.

I said unto myself, If I were dead,
What would befall these children ? What would be
Their fate, who now are looking up to me
For help and furtherance ? Their lives, I said,
Would be a volume wherein I have read
But the first chapters, and no longer see
To read the rest of their dear history,
So full of beauty and so full of dread.
Be comforted ; the world is very old,
And generations pass, as they have passed,
A troop of shadows moving with the sun ;
Thousands of times has the old tale been told ;
The world belongs to those who come the last,
They will find hope and strength as we have done.

Man is the creature that "looks before and after ;" but now we have reached the stage when the thoughts go naturally backward, and the only aspirations and anticipations that are of any worth are those that overleap the grave and enter eternity. Mr. Longfellow falls often into retrospective mood, and the scenes and personages of the past have evidently a vivid place in his imagination. As he tells us :—

The stranger at the fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear ;
He but perceives what is ; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

There is the mellow light of advancing years upon his later poems ; but the shadows lengthen, and the sombre glooms of life awake more frequently a pathetic or plaintive memory. Is it not so in every home ? With the slow procession of the sun, if by no quicker call, we come each in turn to the front ; some one, perhaps, remains to reckon up those who are gone, and then himself moves on in the march from which none ever returns. "*Morituri Salutamus*" is the title of one of these last poems, in allusion to the salute of the gladiators before the combats began. It was written to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the poet's class in Bowdoin College, and has no direct relation to family life ; but as we have spoken of old age as crowning all, we cannot forbear quoting, in conclusion, the lines in which Mr. Longfellow sums up its possibilities to his old classmates.

Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.

Cato learned Greek at eighty ; Sophocles
Wrote his grand *Œdipus*, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years,
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his *Characters of Men*.
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the *Canterbury Tales* ;
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed *Faust* when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions ; but they show
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives.

Shall we sit idly down and say,
The night hath come ; it is no longer day ?
The night hath not yet come ; we are not quite
Cut off from labour by the failing light ;
Something remains for us to do or dare ;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear ;
Not *Œdipus Coloneus*, or Greek *Ode*,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin ;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

We are disposed to give Mr. Longfellow the place of Laureate among the poets of home. Few have touched so many chords of our domestic life with so tender a hand. Yet these poems are but a small part of his contributions to literature. Into the larger question of his place among the sons of song we do not enter.


CYCLONES AND CYCLONE-WAVES.

THOSE of our readers who are pretty well advanced in life will remember that, when they were young, they never encountered the word cyclone in book, newspaper, or letter. They will not, however, fall into the error of saying, respecting the former times, "They were better than these," if they will take proper note of the fact that as the term cyclone came in, the word hurricane went out, or, at least, appeared less frequently than it had done before. In short, our new foe, the cyclone, is no other than our old enemy, the hurricane, under a fresh name. Why this additional appellation was given it, must now be explained. Our forefathers believed that the wind in a hurricane blew in a straight line, though to accept this view it was needful to shut one's eyes to some obvious facts. For instance, a hurricane was blowing at the rate of eighty miles an hour, from one place, which may be called A, apparently in the exact direction of a second place, B, 160 miles from the first. In these circumstances, as the merest tyro in arithmetic will at once perceive, it ought to have reached B in two hours ; but, surprising to tell, inquiry probably showed that it really took a day, or a day and a half, or even two days, to move forward as far as B. Where was it, or what was it doing during the interval ? Mr. William C. Redfield, M.A., of New

York, in a paper read before the American Philosophical Society on the 15th January, 1841; Lieutenant-Colonel, afterwards Sir William, Reid, for a time Governor of Bermuda, in his "Law of Storms"; Piddington, of Calcutta, in his "Sailors' Hornbook"; Professor Dové, of Berlin, and other scientific inquirers, furnished materials for an answer to the question, and revolutionised all former ideas regarding the movement of the wind in hurricanes. They attempted to show that, instead of advancing in a straight line, it went in a circle, or rather, in a series of concentric circles, the whole rotating mass of air meanwhile drifting onwards at a much less rapid rate. It will now at once be understood why the wind, apparently blowing in a straight line from A to B, took so long a time to reach the latter place. Piddington, of Calcutta, was of opinion that the new views necessitated the coining of a fresh name for the hurricane, and in 1848 proposed cyclone, from the Greek κύκλος (*kuklos*), a circle. The word was so melodious in sound, and in other respects so felicitously chosen, that, unlike the great mass of scientific terms, it almost at once made its way into the ordinary English language, and now, whenever what our immediate forefathers would have called a hurricane ravages any portion of the world, we learn from the newspaper advertising boards that another cyclone has occurred.

One great cradle of cyclones, if such a designation is admissible, is in or near the Caribbean Sea, and the word hurricane is believed to have been at first a local Caribbean word. When a cyclone has taken its birth in the region now mentioned it begins to move. The Danish island of St. Thomas, one of the Virgin group, and a station for large steamboats, is found to stand very much in its way, and in consequence suffers terribly. That island passed, in all probability with an untold number of its houses unroofed, its trees rooted up, and its vessels stranded, the cyclone directs its way next towards the Gulf of Florida. Its track has hitherto been nearly from east to west, but now it turns more to the north, and, proceeding along the course of the Gulf Stream, between the American continent and Bermuda, seems making for Newfoundland or some adjacent region. Yet, as a rule, long before reaching this goal, a new change occurs, and the revolving mass of air turns more to the eastward, as if it would ultimately reach our own shores. But in most cases it has lost velocity, and expired before it has come dangerously near the English coast. Even when one does succeed in arriving and doing damage, but a feeble conception is afforded of the destructive force which it possessed ere it left the Caribbean Sea. Before it quitted what may be called its natal spot, it may have had a diameter of no more than 150 or 100 miles, or even less, the ease of moving this comparatively limited mass of air leading to very rapid revolution. As it proceeded on its way, it tended perpetually to gain in magnitude but to diminish in force; now it is 500 miles in diameter; now 600, or 700, or 1,000; nay, one—the Cuba hurricane of October, 1844—was described by Mr. Redfield as having finally measured 1,084 miles across, or above one-eighth the whole diameter of the globe. Were an unwieldy cyclone of this description to reach our shores at what may be called the last gasp, its destructive force here would give a very inadequate conception of the powers for mischief which it possessed during the early period of its existence.

The cyclone track now described is not the only one existing in the world. Various others have been noted, of which the best known are the ocean east of the Mauritius, the Bay of Bengal, and the China Seas. In the last mentioned locality they are generally called typhoons, a word derived, it is said, from the Greek τυφός (*tuphos*), *gen* τυφῶ (*tupho*), or τυφῶνος (*tuphonos*), a violent whirlwind, though we have heard an Indian Mahratta call a storm in India toophân. The smaller whirlwinds, known as tornadoes—the word being derived from the Spanish *tornar*, to turn—are in all essential respects cyclones, and occur in many of the hotter portions of the world.

The first element in producing a cyclone is fierce sunheat at some place, hence its natal spot is a tropical sea or land. The air in certain places, becoming greatly rarefied by heat, ascends, and colder air rushes in beneath from all quarters to supply the void. As the streams of colder air move from one parallel of latitude to another, the rotation of the earth imparts the whirl in a manner beautifully explained by Sir John Herschel in his Astronomy. Under this influence those north of the equator of necessity revolve in a direction opposite to that pursued by the hands of a watch—; while

those south of the equator do just the reverse—



The former class move slantingly away from the equator northwards, the latter southwards, while on the equinoctial line itself there are no cyclones at all.

A cyclone is not properly a moving mass of circles, or rather cylinders, one within another; it is a revolving spiral, with an ascending current of air, inside of which there is a calm centre or vortex. A miniature representation of it may be seen in one of those tiny whirlwinds which often arise in hot weather on dusty roads, for in both there is a revolving portion of air, a spiral movement around and upward, and a gradual progression over the ground. But the rotation of the earth has nothing to do with the miniature whirlwind.

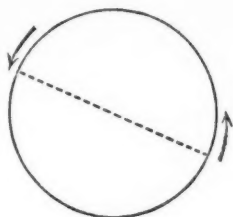
The discovery of the virtually circular character of hurricanes has been turned to good practical account in navigation. Before it was made, many a gallant ship perished with all on board in such a manner as this. A vessel became involved in a hurricane, advancing upon it from some quarter, and managed to live through the first half of it, till the centre was reached. Then the wind suddenly ceased, though the sea remained fearfully agitated. It was believed that sails might be spread, the hurricane having seemingly passed by. All went on well for a time; but by-and-by a deafening roar was heard, as if the storm, which had departed in front, was this time coming up in the rear. In making preparations to encounter it, the natural expectation was indulged that the wind would blow from the same quarter as before, when lo! it suddenly burst forth, with its old fury, from exactly the opposite point of the compass from that out of which it had been expected to come. Why this happened will be understood by a glance at the figure, in which the space within the circle represents the vortex, or calm central portion, of the cyclone; the circle itself the innermost, which is also the most rapidly revolving,

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portion of the spiral column of air; and the dotted line the course of the vessel.



The pressure of the rarefied air in the centre or vortex of a cyclone being necessarily less than that in the revolving mass around it, and in the atmosphere generally, the water in that centre rises above its natural level; and when it is flung with fury on a low-lying coast it becomes the terrible cyclone-wave, or storm-wave, which recently became so widely known in connection with a sad catastrophe in our Eastern empire. If readers, casting a glance at a map of India, will trace the windings of the magnificent River Brahmapootra to where it approaches the Bay of Bengal, they will perceive that in the lower part of its course it takes the name of Meghna. Soon afterwards it is joined by a great portion of the Ganges, and the united stream, now of vast magnitude, finally enters the ocean by three mouths: the most easterly, the Hattia river; the middle channel, the Shahbazzpore river; and the most westerly, the Ganges proper. Immense quantities of fine soil, brought from inland and flung into the salt-water, have made various low-lying islands, the chief of which are Dukhin, or Deccan (meaning southern), Shahbazzpore, Hattia, Sundweep, and others, all till lately thickly populated. The three islands alone had about 340,000 inhabitants, the most important being Deccan Shahbazzpore, with 221,000 people, of whom more than 180,000 were Mohammedans. The inhabitants knew that they were liable at uncertain intervals to suffer from terrible inundations, and had, with some ingenuity, suited their humble architecture to the perils they expected to meet. They had built their little villages or hamlets, which consisted of about eight to twelve mud huts each, on artificially raised mounds, or platforms of earth, about three feet high, surrounding each with a dense fence or belt of palms, bamboos, and prickly madâr-trees.* A deep ditch, scooped out when earth was needed for the construction of the raised platform before described, swept around this brake, or jungle, and the low-lying and fertile rice-fields of the villagers stretched everywhere beyond. At Backergunge and other portions of the adjoining coast, the arrangements were essentially similar. Deccan Shahbazzpore had, moreover, a small town called Donlut Khan, with 8,000 inhabitants. It was there that the chief local authorities resided.

On the 31st of October last upwards of a million of human beings retired to rest on the three islands and the low-lying mainland at the early hour Orientals

are accustomed to prepare for sleep. At ten a storm began, but it seemed to bring no unusual peril with it; at eleven nothing serious appeared to be threatened; about midnight the cry was raised, "The water is on us!" and almost instantly a cyclone-wave, followed by another and another, burst over the islands, submerging them ten, twenty, or even more feet, below the surging tide. Proceeding on its course, it similarly broke over the low-lying coasts of the mainland, till, in all, about 3,000 square miles of territory had for a time disappeared in the deep. But what of the inhabitants? When the midnight cry was raised the rush for life instantly began. The more vigorous climbed the belt of trees, or with others were flung into them by the waves without climbing. Their bodies were cruelly lacerated by the thorns of the madâr-trees, which, however, rendered them effective service by holding them fast as with grappling-hooks, when else exhaustion would have made them relax their grasp, slip down into the flood, and perish. Some found temporary safety on the roofs of their huts, which, being of thatch, floated off, the mud walls meanwhile being dissolved and disappearing. A few clung to beams of wood, but both classes of these castaways, as a rule, were carried out to sea, and ultimately perished. Some, however, had a happier fate, various people, it is stated, having been floated from Sundweep across a channel ten miles broad to the mainland. All who failed to reach or to be flung into trees or roofs—and many even of those who did so—perished. To follow now the fortunes of the refugees on the belt of trees. At first it rained, and the air was frequently cold, though the water was not disagreeably low in temperature. At two p.m. the force of the cyclone and its accompanying wave was spent, but the flood still remained almost of its old depth. The sunrise revealed vast numbers of floating corpses, some of human beings and some of cattle. These floated on an ocean above which there rose, not, as at other times, fertile islands, but simply circles of trees, with the lower portions of their stems buried far below the line of vision, while their branches and upper tufts of foliage bent beneath a weight of human beings clinging to them for life. By day-break the deluge had considerably abated, and by noon of the 1st November the refugees were able to descend. But all that day and the next no food was obtainable, except a limited supply of cocoa-nuts, and a few unripe and unwholesome plantains, gathered from broken trees. In that region, more so even than in Venice, locomotion is by water instead of by land, boats taking the place of wheel carriages. Had the boats in the flooded districts escaped the catastrophe, they would have immediately been manned, and sent to places uninvested by the flood for needed supplies; but unhappily they were wholly unavailable for the purpose, having, without exception, been wrecked, or disabled, or carried away and flung upon the mainland. So the poor wretches had to remain all but foodless for that day. By the morning of the 2nd November the waters were so completely gone that it was possible to dig up the stores of grain which, according to a custom prevalent in many portions of the East (see Jer. xli. 8), had been buried in the ground. These being brought forth, were found to be damaged by wet, but as the sun now shone in unclouded splendour, casting down such an amount of heat as a resident in northern lands can but feebly appreciate, it was possible to

* We presume that the tree meant is the Indian coral-tree, called in Sanscrit mandâra, and in Bengalee madâra. It is the *Erythrina Indica* of botanists; it is a noble-sized tree, with very brilliant red flowers, shaped like those of the pea. The branches are numerous, and, with the trunk, are covered with black prickles. It is largely planted in Brazil, partly as a support for the betel and the black pepper vine, and partly for hedges.

dry the injured grain with some considerable rapidity. Drinking-water was, at the same time, procurable from the tanks, which, though rendered brackish, or all but salt, during the continuance of the deluge, had recovered their freshness with surprising speed. In place of the dissolved mud huts, substitutes for habitations were extemporised by flinging a cloth over a branch or two of a tree. And this was all in the way of food and water and housing that those possessed who, a few hours previously, had been the richest peasantry in all Bengal. But of course the material losses, however heavy, were not the saddest trial to be endured. Even the least sensitive heart felt more acutely than these the death of near relatives. Among the lost, as was inevitable, were vast multitudes of women and children. Sir Richard Temple, Bart., Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, who visited the desolated region just after the calamity, found that some villages had lost thirty per cent., some fifty per cent., and others seventy per cent., of their human inhabitants. He estimates the total number of dead at 215,000. Nor is it certain that even this appalling figure is the highest that will be reached. The cattle also were destroyed, with the exception of the buffaloes, which are stated to swim well. Though, happily, as stated before, the grain buried in the ground remained after the deluge had passed in sufficiently good order to be fit for food when properly dried in the sun, and famine is not apprehended, yet the pollution of the air, and, in some places, of the drinking-water, by means of decomposing bodies, is but too likely to bring pestilence in its train. Proclivities towards disease will also have been engendered in many by their exposure for about twelve hours to the fury of the storm, and the foodless condition in which they were left for more than twice as many more, not to speak of the depression of spirits produced by loss of relatives and means of livelihood, and the destruction of their humble homes.

Even if we have already heard the full extent of the havoc made by the fell destroyer, the loss of 215,000 human beings, and these, too, our fellow-subjects, is a calamity the memory of which the world will never allow wholly to pass away. Storm-waves before were known to slay their 30,000, their 40,000, or even their 100,000, on the low-lying coast of India, but not since the middle of the last century, if even within the compass of historic record, has such a destruction as the recent one taken place. The Lisbon earthquake, with its slaughter of 50,000 people in that city, and multitudes elsewhere, will no longer stand in the front rank of calamitous events; and whilst in its most important features the Noachian deluge will still be without a parallel, the question will be asked whether it or the recent storm-wave occasioned more swift destruction, or swept a greater number of human beings from the world.

WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE eighth of the Winter Exhibitions of the Royal Academy marked the opening of the present year. In the summer we go to Burlington House to see the productions of living artists—the latest works they have perfected—and we usually find

some two thousand of them (selected from multitudes offered) crowding the walls of the ten galleries from floor to ceiling, as well as the vestibule and sculpture-room. To see them at all fairly is hard work, not for one day, but for several days, so great is the crush, so fervent the heat, so oppressive to the sight is the glare of such a mass of gilding, and so confusing is the babble of the crowd of critics. There are none of such annoyances to plague us in the Winter Exhibition; there is never any crowd to speak of, either of pictures or picture-gazers; instead of two thousand works of art, all inviting notice, we have some three hundred only; and, what is delightful to the visitor, they are nearly all on the sight-line, or, at least, so conveniently hung that one can have them in view without kneeling or stooping, or getting a crick in the neck by gazing aloft—to say nothing of having recourse to a telescope to find out whether Number One thousand and one is a landscape or a figure-piece, or something allegorical or historical. The pictures are comparatively few, to be sure, but that is a decided advantage, seeing that they *are* pictures, all of them—not mere questionable attempts or wild experiments on the toleration of the public; and we may learn from them, if we are so disposed, what are or should be the aims of the art-student, and how to judge appreciatively of the national progress in the direction of art.

The pictures which make up this winter show are nearly all of them private property, being brought hither temporarily as loans from private collections. When the idea first arose of an annual exhibition from such sources, it was thought the owners of fine works would be unwilling to part with them for such a purpose. That apprehension, however, has not been realised. All the seven preceding exhibitions have been admirable, and most useful to students; and though that of the present year is by no means the most excellent, it yet comprises a number of works of a high class, such as all lovers of art must rejoice to see brought together. We may add that the catalogue, by the Secretary, is prepared with much care and judgment.

Our space will not allow us to conduct the reader through the several galleries, and point out all that is worthy of his regard. We must, therefore, take a very brief and general view, or rather review, more formal reports and criticisms having appeared in the newspaper press.

Perhaps the most striking feature in the present exhibition is the predominance of English portraiture. Of the works of Reynolds there are about a score, and as many of those of Gainsborough. These two names have stood for the last hundred years at the head of the list of our native portrait painters, and are likely to stand there, at least until some kindred genius shall arise who shall reproduce that matchless colouring of flesh in which both of them were pre-eminent, and which seems to have been for nearly two generations a lost art. Romney, in some respects a worthy rival of both, coloured almost as well at times; and there are eight of his pictures here which do not suffer in comparison with theirs. Hoppner and Northcote, who contribute two or three pictures each, must be considered of the same school, though lagging far behind. The pure flesh-colour which characterises, more or less, the works of the above-named artists, was probably due in great degree to the example of Vandyke and the study of

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his works. There are eleven pictures by Vandyke in the exhibition—one a large gallery piece, "The Betrayal of Christ," the remainder being chiefly portraits, among which is the capital full-length of James Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, which in point of execution leaves nothing to be desired. Vandyke may take a place among English painters, for though a Fleming and a pupil of Rubens, it was in England that he perfected his marvellous talent, and it is in the mansions of the English nobility that his best works must be sought for. Among the most striking portraits on these walls the visitor will not fail to admire those of Raeburn, the Scottish painter, who died about fifty years ago. They are all excellent for life-like fidelity, for precision and careful drawing, for their wonderful force of colour, and vigorous management of light and shade which gives them something of a Rembrandt-like effect; there are a dozen of them in the exhibition, and there is not one but challenges and deserves admiration. Of Lawrence there are three examples—the most interesting being a sketch on panel of Benjamin West, the favourite painter of George III. Other characteristic portraits are a head of Reynolds, painted by him for Mrs. Thrale, which is startling for its life-likeness, and is exceptionally well preserved, nearly all of Reynolds's pictures having suffered woefully from lapse of time; Thomas Sandby and his wife, by Gainsborough, an exquisitely simple piece, as pure and fresh in colour as when it left the easel; "Lady Hamilton as Joan of Arc," by Romney; and, by the same painter, "Lady Hamilton reading a Despatch from Nelson," a rapid sketch, apparently the work of a single sitting—almost a scrawl on close inspection, though strikingly effective at a distance.

Of English landscape painting there is here much that is interesting. It is in landscape chiefly that our best living painters have left most of their predecessors far in the rear; but we have in this exhibition the promise of all that has since been accomplished, and, more than that, we have certain important elements of excellence which living artists seem to care too little about. In the works of Richard Wilson, for instance, there is feeling and tenderness, together with a simple breadth of treatment which, being now never attempted, we look for in vain among his successors. The landscapes of Gainsborough do not show here to much advantage, his best works being absent, and the few specimens exhibited appealing to the art-student rather than the public. There are three charming pictures by Scott, who is sometimes called the English Canaletto; they are all views on the Thames, and to our thinking surpass, in perfection of colour and tone, anything achieved by the famous Italian. Of Turner's landscapes there are two, "The Lake of Geneva" and "Conway Castle;" the latter is the more admirable performance, and is interesting as marking a period in the long career of Turner, when he was working deliberately under his earliest influences, along with his friend Girtin, and was willing to look at nature as if through the spectacles of Richard Wilson. Of old Crome, the famous Norwich landscape painter, there is here but one example, but that one is worthy of prolonged and attentive study, embodying as it does the chief merits of the master. Of Vincent, Crome's pupil (a painter not so well known as he deserves to be), there is a really magnificent picture, almost worthy of Turner; it is a view of "Greenwich

Hospital" from the river, and is wonderfully true to nature, abounding in picturesque beauties, treated with a refined simplicity, and totally free from all straining after effect. Another charming painting of the "Norwich School" is also a river scene, by Cotman, and as remarkable as the other for simple treatment and fidelity to fact. A most charming landscape is Constable's "Vale of Dedham," so airily painted that the light seems to change as you look at it, and so pleasing from its panoramic extent as to detain one's gaze in spite of oneself. Of Patrick Nasmyth's pictures there are two, both of them admirable; and there is one landscape by Mulready, simply a cottage and trees, finished with scrupulous minuteness, and in a subdued tone, which contrasts strikingly with the vivid colouring of the genre pieces of the same artist.

In specimens of the Flemish school the exhibition is specially rich. Some of the best works of Teniers in his best time are remarkable for their clear, pure colour and the skilful grouping of the numerous figures. Jan Steen, a painter who greatly excelled as draughtsman, colourist, and humourist, is also well represented by works of astonishing vigour and truth of detail. Of Adrian Ostade there are four examples, and of Nicholas Berghem two, conspicuous by their startling force of colour. Most prominent, however, among the productions of this school are the works of Albert Cuyp, some of them of great size, and one of which, contributed by the Queen, has a world-wide reputation, at least, among lovers of art. This picture is known to connoisseurs as the "Negro Boy," though the subject is a landscape and animal scene, in which a black boy is holding the horses of two travellers who have alighted and are standing near a group of cattle. This work is accounted the best example of Cuyp in this country, and indeed it could hardly be surpassed. But a greater than Albert Cuyp may be here studied in his works, for here are three pictures by Rembrandt—one a portrait of a lady, another a portrait of himself, and a third representing the wife of Potiphar accusing Joseph. The head of the lady, admirable though it is, calls for no special remark; the head of the painter, on the other hand, is a perfect marvel of manual skill, combining the very perfection of result with a total absence of effort and careless felicity of handling; while the Scripture subject offers the most grotesque contrast imaginable between a consummate mastery of material and that despicable poverty and vulgarity of imagination which sometimes characterises the productions of this (in his peculiar walk) unrivalled genius. Of Rubens, the Flemish painter *par excellence* (whose bicentenary, by the way, is to be celebrated this year at Antwerp), there are here no fewer than eight canvases, most of them of a large size. Some of the subjects have been long familiar to us through the medium of engravings.

Of the Flemish school of landscape there are many bright and beautiful specimens. Three, by Jan Both (sometimes called the Dutch Claude), are of surpassing merit, fully rivalling Claude as to their atmospheric truth and tender feeling of distance, and in some degree failing, as Claude so often fails, by a conventional rendering of foreground trees and foliage. Four fine pictures, by Ruysdael, afford a fair opportunity of estimating his pronounced and singular style. Water in rapid and violent action almost invariably plays a prominent part in his subjects, and he portrays it in all its phases with unrivalled

skill; there is little of boldness or freedom in his works, but a great deal of minute carefulness of treatment, scrupulously carried out in all the details of rocks, herbage, and foliage. The one drawback in Ruysdael's pictures is the intense blackness of the shaded parts, which blots out so much of his local colour. Better by far than either Both or Ruysdael are the landscapes of Hobbema, of which there are two, both of them of the highest class; to look at either of them is like looking in the face of actual fact; one does not think of canvas, pigments, or painter either, so simply true to nature is the artist's work.

In another gallery is a collection of paintings of the early Italian school—pictures of an old date, not so interesting to the general public as to the student and connoisseur. We must pass over these, and, from considerations of space, must conclude with briefly directing attention to two or three pictures which the visitor may do well to dwell upon. There is one by George Harvey, a touching memorial of the times of persecution in Scotland, representing the worship of the Covenanters in the wild moorland retreat to which they were compelled to resort, if they would worship at all, to escape the rage of their enemies. The work is a most masterly production, but it has unfortunately suffered much from the employment by the painter of inferior materials. The "portraits" by Titian, also, are notable for their truth to life and apparent freedom from anything like art. "Queen Mary," by Lucas de Veere, is a singular specimen of conscientious work, most elaborately finished throughout; the face of the queen is rendered without a touch of shadow, and at first sight seems bald and tame, but on closer view reveals much of the true character of the woman, and suggests how sad and joyless her life must have been. Here, too, is a portrait by Gainsborough, one of his happiest efforts, retaining its original charm of colour and illustrating his rare freedom of handling. In the same room are two sweet specimens of David Wilkie, which are popular favourites, and have been often engraved. "Rembrandt's Daughter," by Turner, is perhaps the most interesting of all the pictures of the English school in the exhibition. It has been much criticised in the newspapers, and that not in a very laudatory strain. It seems to us that the picture is a remarkable and decided success if judged from the point of view of the artist's intention. What Turner intended was to show the world that he could produce as powerful effect by a flood of light upon the canvas as Rembrandt had ever produced by a preponderance of shadow. It seems to us undeniable that he has done as much—perhaps more. Certainly the effect of the piece is as decisive and striking as anything achieved by any of the "dark masters," Rembrandt not excluded, whatever may be its merits in other respects. Hilton's fine picture, "Christ crowned with Thorns," will doubtless make a lasting impression on the minds of many.

Our remarks have extended much beyond what we at first proposed, but we do not regret this if it leads our readers to take more interest in the Winter Exhibition. So few are the visitors, compared with the crowds thronging the same rooms in summer, that it has been seriously discussed whether the exhibition should be discontinued. We hope the Council of the Royal Academy will entertain no such proposal—nor would they, if votes could be weighed instead of counted.

Varieties.

THE CECILS.—Twenty years ago Lord Eustace Cecil, then a young officer in the Coldstream Guards, published a very useful little manual, entitled "Dates, Battles, and Events of Modern History." Drawn up for the writer's own purposes of reference, he was induced to print it for the use of other students of history. It really contains much information in brief space. There is a graceful inscription to the present Marquis of Salisbury, which runs thus:—"To my brother Cranborne, whose thorough knowledge of modern history and chronology eminently fits him either to criticise its faults, or appreciate the small merit it may possess, this little book is affectionately dedicated."

STONE AGE.—Our attention has been called to the articles on "The Stone Age in Great Britain," in the "Leisure Hour" for November, 1876. In the second paper, headed "The Palæolithic Age," p. 741, four flint arrow-heads are depicted, which are obviously of modern construction. They appear there by a mistake easily explained. The article being too long for one number was divided, and in making up the pages from slip the illustrations referred to were misplaced, being put at the beginning of the Palæolithic instead of the end of the Neolithic paper. The matter is important only in connection with the disputed question of the Antiquity of Man. On this question the "Leisure Hour" gives no uncertain sound, as may be seen in the article "On the Antiquity of Man" in our January part, and on the "Blackmore Museum" at Salisbury in that for February. The existence of man in very remote periods is utterly unsupported by geology.

MEUM AND TUUM.—Hard things are often said against the Americans for stealing English literary matter, and refusing to have International Copyright. But this evil usage is not unknown among ourselves. Will it be believed that several publishers or editors have this year appropriated, without one word of acknowledgment, astronomical matter, specially prepared and paid for, and in one case the whole series of daily texts, selected with much thought and labour for "The People's Almanack."

EVOLUTION.—The whole evidence supplied by fossil plants is opposed to the hypothesis of genetic evolution, and especially the sudden and simultaneous appearance of the most highly organised plants at particular stages in the past history of the globe, and the entire absence among fossil plants of any forms intermediate between existing classes of families. The facts of palæontological botany are opposed to evolution, but they testify to development—to progression from lower to higher types. The cellular algae preceded the vascular cryptogams, and the gymnosperms of the newer Palæozoic rodes, and these were speedily followed by monocotyledons, and at a much later period by dicotyledons. But the earliest representatives of these various sections of the vegetable kingdoms were not generalised forms, but as highly or more highly organised than recent forms, and these divisions were, when we become first acquainted with them, as clearly bounded in their essential characters, and as decidedly separated from each other as they are at the present day. Development is not the property of the evolutionist. Indeed, the Mosaic narrative, which traces all nature to a supernatural Creator, represents the operations of the Creator as having been carried out in a series of developments, from the calling of matter into existence through the various stages of its preparation for life, and on through the various steps in the organic world, until man himself is reached. The real question is, Does science give us any light as to *how* this development was accomplished? Is it possible, from the record of organic life preserved in the sedimentary deposits, to discover the method or agent through the action of which the new form appeared on the globe? The only answer that can be given to this question is, that while the rocks record in their contained fossils the existence of plants and animal forms at different periods of the earth's history, as yet they have disclosed nothing whatever as to *how* these forms originated.—William Carruthers, F.R.S., in "Contemporary Review."

PHILADELPHIA CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.—The aggregate admissions to the Centennial Exhibition were 9,789,392, of which 8,004,325 paid. The receipts amounted to 3,813,749 dols.; the average daily admissions were 61,563.

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